THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE dramatised version of *Oliver Twist*, by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre on July 10th, is on all hands considered the most workmanlike adaptation of that story yet given on the stage. The first one was produced on May 21st, 1838, at the Pavilion Theatre, before the story was half finished in serial form. It was adapted by C. Z. Barnett. The second version was by George Almar, and was first performed at the Surrey Theatre, November 19th, 1838, whilst three other separate versions, one at Sadler's Wells, another at the Adelphi, and another at the City of London, were seen on the London stage before the close of the year. The story, in three volumes, appeared in October, 1838.

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From then up to the present day only two other versions, apparently, have been played in London, one at the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, when a "new" version, prepared by John Oxenford, was given on April 11th, 1868, with Mr. Toole as the Artful Dodger, Sir Henry Irving as Bill Sikes, Ryder as Fagin, John Clayton as Monks, Lionel Brough as Bumble, Miss Henrietta Hodson as Oliver, and Miss Nelly Moore as Nancy; the other by Mr. Oswald Brand, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, March 30th, 1903. None of these several versions had any extended run.

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At the Surrey Theatre the play was called "A Serio-comic Burletta," and was afterwards published with an etched frontispiece by Pierce Egan the younger. On the night of its first production, it is said, Dickens was present, and was so disgusted with it that in the middle of the first scene he laid himself down on the floor in a corner of the box and never rose from it until the act-drop fell. Why he did this in preference to leaving the theatre is not recorded.

* * *

Dickens made two propositions to dramatise, or to collaborate in dramatisations of *Oliver Twist*, but neither came to anything. One was to Macready, in November, 1838. The great actor appreciated the kindness and generous intention of Dickens, but assured him of the utter impracticability of the book for dramatic purposes. The other was to Frederick Yates, and although no arrangements were consummated between them, Yates produced a version, which was given at the Adelphi referred to above, with Mrs. Keeley as Oliver.

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The *Times* notice of Mr. Comyns Carr's play, by the way, may be fairly described as a "curious production." The writer evidently has an exalted opinion of the influence of the Dickens Fellowship, for he starts by saying, "Fortunately we are not called upon at this time of day to offer any comment on the original work (*Oliver Twist*). We should be sorry to say anything which might excite the choler of the Dickens Fellowship. If, therefore, there were any elements in the production of last night which left us on the hither side of admiration, we shall have no hesitation in assigning the responsibility of them to Mr. Comyns Carr." After confessing that the result of watching the play was a sense of bewilderment, the writer asks, "What was the meaning of it all?" and adds, "Probably the Dickens Fellowship have a theory. Beadles, 'papers,' comic butlers, gouty muffin-eaters, may be as plain as daylight to them."

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We do not attempt to answer the critic's question, for much the same reason as we should have declined to enter into an argument on any subject with Mrs. Nickleby. But the article ends with another reference to the Fellowship: "It is not her (Miss Hilda Trevelyan's) fault that the boy (Oliver) has to talk as no boy, we hope and believe, ever did. We will not say whose fault it is, because we wish to remain on friendly terms with the Dickens Fellowship." After reading this article, with its references to the Fellowship, we experience much the same effect as that experienced by the writer after seeing the play—a sense of bewilderment. What does it all mean? The only thing we can gather is that the Dickens Fellowship has inspired the "Thunderer" with awe, and to have done that is surely to have achieved something. In spite of the *Times* opinion, *Oliver Twist* is still read, and sells in far greater numbers even than the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

* * *

It is a curious thing that Sikes is so often misspelt, but it is in no way a modern carelessness. In a former dramatisation of *Oliver Twist*, published by French, the name is spelt in both ways by way of variety, and in one of the best-known topographical books on Dickens "Sykes," and not "Sikes," appears throughout. And when the posters of Mr. Tree's production of *Oliver Twist* appeared, Bill's surname was printed as "Sykes." The poster erred in a far more serious manner in adding "Sykes" after Nancy's name. It was noticeable that on the night of the performance the former error was corrected, but Nancy was still credited with a surname, wrongly spelt, to which she had no legal right. The *Daily Chronicle* commented on the carelessness of two contemporaries who used "y" for "i" in their criticism of the play in the same issue that their dramatic critic fell into the same error. In a subsequent issue "A.W.," the *Chronicle's* poet, took the matter up in the following verses, which he entitled "Sykology"—

"Alas! the modern speller
Goes tripping as he likes,
With 'We' he spells a Weller,
And plucks an 'i' from Sykes.
But why the Dickens 'y'
I cannot tell, not I.

"He seems to take for granted
An ancestry of Tykes,
And thus with 'y' supplanted
The single 'i' of Sikes,
Much as my neighbour with
A 'y' disguises Smith.

"If 'y' must ever mingle
With Dickens, it must strike
The critical that Jyngle
And Pyckwyck, yes, and Smyke,
Should thus be dignified,
And altered far and y'd."
"The more the plot proceeds, the more it thickens,
And we shall soon be asking, 'Whi the Dyckens?'"

* * *

We are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has consented to become a Vice-President of the Fellowship, as has also Mr. W. Walter Crotch, one of the original founders of the Society.

* * *

An interesting function has been arranged for the first Saturday in September. The Council of the Fellowship is naturally anxious to do all that is possible to keep the branches in close touch with one another and with headquarters, and with this end in view a conference of branch secretaries has been arranged to take place at headquarters on Saturday, September 2nd. About twenty secretaries have already signified their intention to attend. It is probable that in the evening a dinner will be held, at which several of the secretaries will be the Council's guests.

* * *

For reasons which need not be explained here, the Walthamstow branch has been closed. The Council are making efforts to start a new branch in the district, to be called Leyton and District branch. Will those members resident in the district kindly communicate with the Hon. Gen. Secretary?

* * *

We are able to publish in the present number, by the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic*, the article and excellent pictures relating to Dr. Manette's house in Carlisle Street, Soho, which appeared a few days ago in the pages of that paper.

* * *

Our cover this month is a reproduction of Phiz's design for *Bleak House*, used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts.

THE EDITOR.

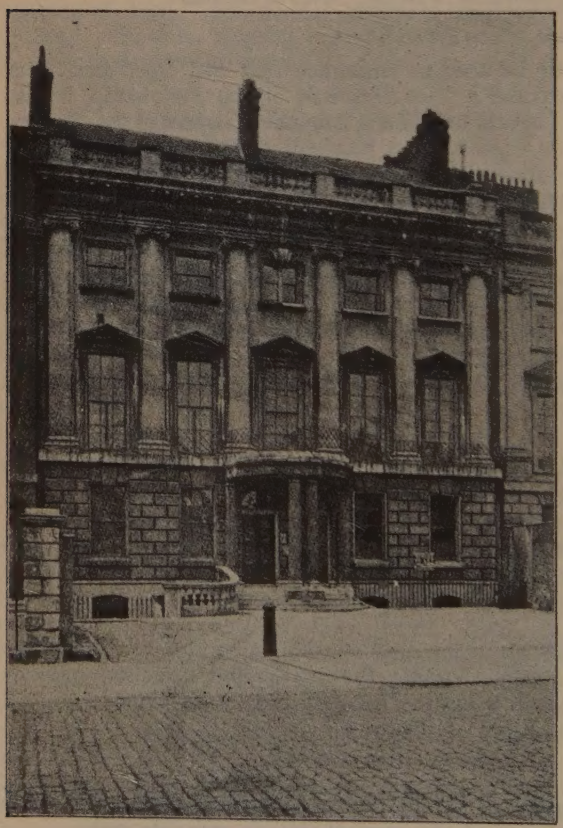
TOPOGRAPHY OF "BLEAK HOUSE"

By H. SNOWDEN WARD

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL DICKENS LAND," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CATHARINE WEED WARD

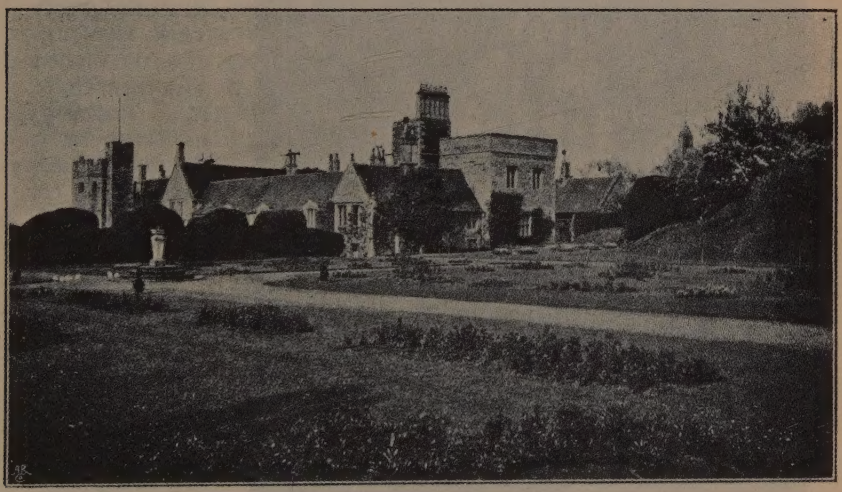
"BLEAK HOUSE" is in some respects almost the most satisfactory, and in others one of the most tantalising of Dickens's works on which to found a study of topography. Its weakest point is obvious at once, in that Bleak House itself has never been identified, and it seems probable that no individual place was in the mind of the master as the original of that house where Esther Summerson and "Guardian" are made the subjects of so many beautiful scenes. It is known, though not so generally as it ought to be, that there was a real original of Esther, and that she was a ward of Charles Dickens himself, therefore we might possibly suppose that in the descriptions of the house he was guided by the house in which he lived at the time of writing the story. This clue or suggestion has not been entirely exhausted, but I think it will not lead to the identification of any house agreeing at all acccurately with the "Bleak House" requirements. The story was not begun at Fort House, Broadstairs, which was afterward ridiculously re-named "Bleak House," for Dickens wrote from that watering-place, "I sit down to think of a new story, and as it begins to grow, such



MR. TULKINGHORN'S HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

a torment of a desire to be anywhere but where I am, and to be going I don't know where, takes hold of me, that it is like being *driven away*."

In October, 1851, Mr. Dickens moved into Tavistock House, Tavistock Square (no longer existing), and late in November he began writing the story. Its publication commenced in March, 1852, and writing and publication ran almost simultaneously until the story was completed in August, 1853, and the last part was issued to the public in September. During this time the author was nervous and restless—on the verge of breakdown. He was in Dover for three months of the summer of '52 (not in Broadstairs at all), and in Boulogne for a short time. During the winter of '52–'53 he was playing in the provinces in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art; in May or June, 1853, he went



ROCKINGHAM CASTLE (THE ORIGINAL OF CHESNEY WOLD)

to Brighton, and in June to Boulogne, where he stayed until October 10th. I have reason to believe that in the early part of May, 1853, Dickens took rooms at Cobley's Farm, North Finchley, and that there some portion of the book may have been written; but it would be foolish to suggest this place as the original of the "house at St. Albans."

Next in importance to the house which gave its name to the book is the "place in Lincolnshire," Chesney Wold, the home of the Dedlocks. From the internal evidence of the book, this place could not possibly be identified with certainty, especially as the author purposely misleads us by locating it in Lincolnshire. We know, however, on the authority of his family, that the original of Chesney Wold was Rockingham Castle, the home of his friends the Watsons, a place where he led the revels on at least one boisterous Christmas time, and where he played in private theatricals. One of the workmen on the estate told me how Mr. Dickens was a "wonderful clever man: made a sort o' theatre in

the great hall and play-acted in it two or three times. Wonderful clever man with his hands, a reg'lar carpenter." Careful study of Rockingham will enable us to identify the two approaches from London, the Dedlock Arms (Sondes Arms), the village of Chesney Wold (Rockingham), the keeper's lodge where Lady Dedlock, Esther, and her guardian, sheltered from the thunderstorm, the other lodge, nearer the castle, where Mr. George was provided for, after the catastrophe of the story, and many other details. The "steep village street" to the Dedlock Arms, the ghost's walk, the sundial, the stables with their clock, Mr. Tulkinghorn's room in the tower, with the leads on which he walked, and the complaining flagstaff above, the church, the "Parsonage-house" where Mr. Boythorn lived, and even the details of the interior—the "long drawing-room" where "of all the shadows in Chesney Wold, the shadow in the long drawing-room upon my lady's picture is the first to come, the last to be disturbed"—all these agree well with the descriptions in the story. A few discrepancies there are. The church is so much nearer to the castle than to any road, public or private, that my lady could not drive to church, as represented. And the Parsonage House is too near the church and castle to allow of those disputes about right-of-way that are introduced between Boythorn and Sir Leicester Dedlock.

THE OLD CHANCERY COURT

Of the London scenes, perhaps Tom-all-Alone's is the most interesting, and the one of which we most regret the loss. Even its site is now the subject of some contradictory statements, but it was where the new part

of York Street, Covent Garden, is now to be found, and the gate of the deserted graveyard was about the centre of the northern side of that new thoroughfare.

Part of Cook's Court (actually called Took's Court), Cursitor Street, still retains its old houses, but they are not likely to stand long. Thavies' Inn, where Esther Summerson was taken by Mr. Guppy, and where she introduced herself to the Jellybys by rescuing Peepy from a dangerous position with his head between the area railings, is but little changed. It is a fine example of Dickens's close observation, for of all his many London houses it is the only one with area railings suitable for Peepy's adventure.

The old Chancery Court of Lincoln's Inn was closed nearly thirty years ago, when the new Law Courts in the Strand were opened; but pressure of business has brought it into use again, and we may well hope that it will long be preserved.

Staple Inn, where Mr. Snagsby loved to walk "to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are," is preserved and well maintained by its owners, the Prudential Assurance Company; and although Mr. Tulkinghorn's house, No. 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been threatened by the Holborn-to-Strand thoroughfare, it still stands, and I hope it long may do so.

Mr. Turveydrop's academy in Newman Street (No. 26) is still next to a mews, and has the long dancing-room extending behind it.

Mount Pleasant, the home of the Smallweeds, retains few of its old houses. Hatton Garden has still houses suitable for the second home of the Jellybys, and though the Symond's Inn of Mr. Vholes has long since gone, Clifford's Inn, where the Melchisedechs had their offices, still remains. Penton Place, Pentonville Road, has houses which may have been Mr. Guppy's lodgings, and Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, has offices which would accommodate Kenge and Carboy.

Many other places, casually mentioned, can easily be found, but it is not, and I believe it never has been, possible to identify Mr. George's shooting gallery, the home of the Bagnets, or the place at Windsor where Esther Summerson's early days were spent.

WILKINS MICAWBER, MAGISTRATE*

By J. W. T. LEY

OF all the immortals to whom Dickens's wonderful imagination gave birth it is to be doubted whether any has so won the heart of the people as Wilkins Micawber. It is perfectly true, perhaps, that we should hesitate before we formed a close friendship with him if we met him in real life. We naturally are not apt to look favourably or sympathetically upon the man who lies in the ditch and calls upon Providence to help him out, entirely neglecting to make any attempt to help himself. But, however that may be, we all love Micawber for his domestic devotion, for the unquestionable sincerity of his friendship, and for his hearty good-fellowship. What greater charm has Dickens than this gift of enabling us to realise the good in a man, of causing the brilliant

* *Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome*, by Charles Fellows. London: Hutchinson and Company. 6*s*.

light of the goodness to dispel the shadow of the evil or the failings? And so we have no feelings other than of pleasure when we are told in the last chapter that "something has turned up" in far-away Australia. We who understand the spirit of Dickens do not care whether this be "true art" or not. It is true, no doubt, that Mr. Micawber had waited until he was fifty years old for "something to turn up," and that the man who waits till then usually goes on waiting till the end. But what of that? We would not sacrifice those last chapters of Dickens for all the "art" in the world.

These remarks will serve as an introduction to what we have to say in regard to Mr. Fellows's book, the scheme of which will be best gathered from the following quotation: "Whenever a novelist finds himself in a difficulty with a poor but virtuous character—a man who has been brought up to nothing in particular, who is master of no trade, but for whom the sympathy of the reader demands that something shall be done, there is one invariable expedient, namely, to ship him off to a colony. . . . As a rule the novelist contents himself with seeing the hero comfortably on board ship, and takes an affecting leave of him as the vessel drops down the river. The reader quite acquiesces in this settlement. . . . It hardly seems to dawn upon the English mind that a man gets on in a colony from the same causes as in England, the most prominent of which are energy, industry, efficiency, and a thorough understanding of one thing, in contradistinction to being a jack-of-all-trades."

It is inevitable, of course, that in such a connection as this our old friend Wilkins Micawber should be referred to, and our author says, "Nothing can exceed the genius displayed in the delineation of the Micawbers, and, so long as they remain in England, their characters and experiences are drawn with absolute fidelity to life. . . . But when they have been conveyed to Australia the charm ceases. The delightful qualities developed in the Micawbers find no exercise—no excuse for their existence—under the prosperous circumstances which, we are told, awaited them in Australia. The probabilities are all against it. . . . Did the character of Mr. Micawber, or the nature of things, change simply because he set foot in Australia?"

Acting on these views, Mr. Fellows has given us a clever and amusing book. He has given us a hero, Mr. Chippendale, who, in everything but name, is the immortal Micawber. He shows us this colonist, who has tried his hand at everything in the old country, still pursuing the same old course, still always failing in everything that he attempts, still as buoyant of spirit and optimistic as ever, displaying that wonderful faith in the future, always expectant that "something will eventuate," and still meeting his liabilities with bills of exchange, or, as Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Micawber respectively term them, "acceptances" and "notes of hand." Mr. Chippendale speaks with the same rhetorical grace as Mr. Micawber, and writes in the same strain, crowding his letters with apt quotations, the sources of which are invariably added in parenthesis. In short (as both Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Micawber say), though our author has changed the name, this is the only disguise. Similar remarks apply to our hero's wife. Mrs. Chippendale is merely another name for Mrs. Micawber. Her

every word, her every act, leaves us no room whatever for doubt. There is another character in the book, too, whom we must all recognise. His name is Dr. Suttler, and if that be not an alias for Mell, then David never loved Dora.

Of the literary merits of the book it is not within the scope of this article to treat. We must content ourselves with drawing attention to the interest which it contains for Dickensians.

DICKENS'S RECIPE FOR BREWING A PUNCH

By K. F. YAPP.

BREWING punch, like mixing salad, is a fine art—or so people thought fifty or sixty years ago. Good recipes that had been tried and cordially approved of were treasured by notable housewives. Doubtless the one I am going to transcribe here was treasured most of all for the hand that penned it, otherwise it might not have escaped the usual fate of such documents. It was written out for a friend who, in her girlhood, had been on terms of closest intimacy with the Dickens family, and who was wont to refer with pride to the evening when she spoke the prologue of a play—probably the first of Charles Dickens's literary achievements—enacted by himself and his brothers and sisters in the paternal parlour. Until memory failed her, the dear old lady would repeat the verses with a pretty imitation of the girlish utterance and manner which had once brought down "the house." The MS. of this prologue remained in Madame F.'s possession for many years, but she subsequently destroyed it, on the author expressing a very urgent desire that she should do so. Otherwise the drawer, where it once lay among other faded mementoes of the past, had held a treasure indeed. As it is, I am able to select from a packet of Charles Dickens's letters, addressed to my old friend, one on the inner sheet of which is inscribed, in the same handwriting, the recipe for making punch I now lay before the reader. If the directions be followed, the result is excellent. I have it on the authority of the "beautiful punchmaker" herself.

Charles Dickens was making a prolonged stay in Paris, when he wrote as follows:—

"48, RUE DE COURCELLES.

"*Eighteenth January*, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. F.

"I send you, on the other side, the tremendous document which will make you for ninety years (I hope) a beautiful Punchmaker in more senses than one.

"I shall be delighted to dine with you on Thursday. Mr. Forster says amen. Commend me to your Lord, and believe me (with respectful compliments to Lord Chesterfield) always

"Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

"Mrs. F.

"TO MAKE THREE PINTS OF PUNCH

"Peel into a very strong common basin (which may be broken, in case of accident, without damage to the owner's peace or pocket) the rinds of three lemons, cut very thin, and with as little as possible of the white coating between the peel and the fruit, attached. Add a double-handfull of lump sugar (good measure), a pint of good old rum, and a large wine-glass full of brandy—if it be not a large claret glass, say

two. Set this on fire, by filling a warm silver spoon with the spirit, lighting the contents at a wax taper, and pouring them gently in. Let it burn three or four minutes at least, stirring it from time to time. Then extinguish it by covering the basin with a tray, which will immediately put out the flame. Then squeeze in the juice of the three lemons, and add a quart of *boiling* water. Stir the whole well, cover it up for five minutes, and stir again.

"At this crisis (having skimmed off the lemon pips with a spoon) you may taste. If not sweet enough, add sugar to your liking, but observe that it will be a *little* sweeter presently. Pour the whole into a jug, tie a leather or coarse cloth over the top, so as to exclude the air completely, and stand it in a hot oven ten minutes, or on a hot stove one quarter of an hour. Keep it until it comes to table in a warm place near the fire, but not too hot. If it be intended to stand three or four hours, take half the lemon-peel out, or it will acquire a bitter taste.

"The same punch allowed to grow cool by degrees, and then iced, is delicious. It requires less sugar when made for this purpose. If you wish to produce it bright, strain it into bottles through milk.

"These proportions and directions will, of course, apply to any quantity."

In its jocose way the recipe is a monument of lucidity, and might give points to the production of many a professional. The only nebulous portion is that reference to straining "through milk" if one would produce it bright, which I must confess puzzles my ignorance not a little. Perhaps modern methodical minds will cavil at the vagueness of such a measurement as a "double-handfull of lump sugar," though somewhat retrieved by the parenthesis "good measure." But we divine the true artist when the crucial moment comes for tasting the liquor and we are asked to observe before pronouncing an opinion on so weighty a point "that it will be a little sweeter presently." The tender anxiety for the punchmaker's peace and pocket expressed in the first sentence is a delicious trait. On reading the encomiums lavished on the delicacy when allowed to grow cool by degrees, we are forcibly reminded of that famous 1st of September when the Pickwickians went a-shooting with Wardle, attended by the long gamekeeper, and the fat boy brought the luncheon-basket and the cold punch to One Tree Hill. It will be remarked that the recipe is silent on the subject of orange-peel; the flavouring is restricted to the rinds of three lemons, a fact which crystallises me in the belief that this must assuredly have been the self-same punch in which Mr. Pickwick indulged so freely on this momentous occasion. We all know how the suspicion of orange-peel momentarily awakened had to be allayed by an extra bumper, after which Mr. Pickwick felt himself "imperatively called upon to propose another toast in honour of the punch compounder, unknown."

I hardly think any excuse is needed for introducing Dickens to the world in the new character of a punch compounder, as nothing emanating from his pen is without interest to-day, be the topic ever so trifling. But trifling as the topic is, it assuredly reflects something of that conviviality of spirit which finds such delightful expression in the *Pickwick Papers*.

DOCTOR MANETTE'S HOUSE*

Illustrated by G. K. JONES

THERE have been many books written upon Dickens's London, the London which is so rapidly vanishing away, and many Dickens localities have been satisfactorily identified and described by the authors. But there seems always to have been doubt as to the exact situation of one of the most interesting of all the houses inhabited by the characters of the master—the quiet lodgings of Dr. Manette, that wonderfully pathetic figure in the *Tale of Two Cities*. Recently one of the parish magazines of the metropolis came out with the following statement:—

"Charles Dickens in his *Tale of Two Cities* describes Manette Street, with its quaint goldbeater's arm projecting from a shop on the south side. We are sorry to learn from Mr. Dickson, who has beaten out gold leaf in the odd panelled shop for no less than forty-five years, that foreign competition has so reduced business that he is compelled to retire from it. It is with much regret that we have to record the loss of yet another old Soho trade."

Now Dickens does not describe Manette Street—Rose Street, in his time—in the *Tale of Two Cities*, nor does he speak of the arm—the goldbeater's sign—as projecting from a shop. It was with a view to throw some light upon the situation of Dr. Manette's London residence that an artist and a writer of the *Daily Graphic* set forth on the quest, with the result here chronicled by pen and pencil.

Here is what Dickens wrote:—

"The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. . . . A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. . . . The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day, but when the streets grew hot the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that

* Reprinted with permission from *The Daily Graphic*, July 4th, 1905.

you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbour from the raging streets. . . . The Doctor occupied two floors of a large, still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day. . . . In a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard, where a plane tree rustled its green leaves, church organs claimed to be made and silver to be chased and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall. . . . Occasionally a stray workman putting his coat on traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the courtyard or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane tree behind the house and the echoes in the corner before it had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night." (Book ii. chapter vi.)

THE GOLDBEATER'S SHOP IN MANETTE STREET

And further on (book ii. chapter xvii.) the golden arm is again referred to when Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay leave the house on their wedding day, and the Doctor and Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross see them off:—

"The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor, as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow."

It is quite clear, therefore, that the golden arm was inside the house in the cool old hall. But it is quite possible, and quite in accordance with Dickens's ways, that in his wanderings about Soho while he was writing the story he saw the golden arm in Manette Street, then Rose Street, and transferred it to the interior of the house which he had

in mind—a house where a casual stranger might be seen "peering about" the hall.

Those who have already inquired into the identification of the house—Mr. Allbut, in his *Rambles in Dickens Land*, and Mr. Snowden Ward—have expressed the opinion that Carlisle Street, which leads

CARLISLE HOUSE, CARLISLE STREET, SOHO

out of the centre of the west side of Soho Square, was the street in which Dickens laid the London lodgings of Dr. Manette; and that Carlisle House, which terminates the western end of Carlisle Street, was the actual house. The street and the house, in fact, answer all the requirements of the narrative, as any one can see for himself by going there. But neither Mr. Allbut, nor Mr. Ward, nor any other searcher of the sites of Dickens Land, seems to have gone into Carlisle

House, there, like Dickens's "stranger," who was probably himself, to peer about. This, however, the *Daily Graphic* explorers did, and, by the kindness of Mr. Keeble, whose firm now occupies it as a cabinet maker's manufactory, they were rewarded with a sight of one of the noblest late seventeenth-century interiors now remaining in London—a marvellously rich example of the late English renaissance school of architecture and decoration, with a beautiful old hall, a grand staircase, lofty and splendid rooms, and enriched ceilings of plaster work—a veritable palace. And a palace it originally was, having been the town mansion of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle, built about 1690—a hundred years before the French Revolution.

About 1770 this house was bought by the famous Angelo, the fencing and riding master, and he lived in it for many years—all through the time, in fact, that Dickens imagined Doctor Manette to have occupied part of it. After Angelo it was occupied by Simpson, the artist, and W. Gibb Rogers, the carver. The College of the Freemasons of the Church held their meetings in the ballroom, and, finally, as in Dickens's time, it was let out in tenements, which would account for his having only seen the cool old hall and the courtyard. Otherwise he would surely have mentioned so grand an interior.

The house was in Angelo's time one of the most famous in London. A full narrative of his father's residence there, and of the many celebrated seventeenth-century personages who frequented it, is given in the interesting *Reminiscences* of Henry Angelo, first issued in 1830, and quite recently edited by Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. H. Laver Smith, with illustrations from the collection of Mr. Joseph Grego. But none of these describe the house itself. The accompanying sketches will give some idea of its beauty.

SALE OF FIRST EDITIONS OF DICKENS

A REMARKABLY fine collection of the works of Charles Dickens, and books relating to him, all first editions, uncut, and uniformly bound in green morocco by Riviere, was the chief attraction at Messrs. Sotheby's sale of books and manuscripts in London, June 29th.

The entire collection was first offered in one lot, but the reserve price not being forthcoming, the books, 106 items in all, were sold separately, with the result that £221 2*s*. 6*d*. was realised.

The best prices obtained were £16 10*s*. for *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, with plates by Seymour and "Phiz," twenty original covers, and four rare addresses; £14 10*s*. for the manuscript accounts of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, containing the autograph signatures of Dickens, Thackeray, H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), Cruikshank, Leech, etc.; and £8 17*s*. 6*d*. for the first issue of *A Christmas Carol*, with the "Stave I." and green end-papers, coloured plates by Leech, and illustrations by "Phiz," inserted.

At the same sale Sir Richard Burton's *Thousand Nights and a Night*, with *Supplementary Nights*, sixteen volumes in all, as issued by the Kama Shastra Society, made £25 5*s*.; a complete set of first editions of Lever's works, fifty-two volumes, uniformly bound by Riviere, £100; and a set of first editions of Marryat's novels, eighty-two volumes, also bound by Riviere, £62.

OLIVER TWIST DRAMATISED

By B. W. MATZ

IF Mr. Tree's idea of producing Mr. Comyns Carr's dramatised version of *Oliver Twist* for one night only, and that the last of his season, was to feel the pulse of his audience, so to speak, before putting the play on for a length of time, he must have felt gratified at the enthusiasm it received throughout the whole of the evening. The house was packed from floor to ceiling with an appreciative audience, which gave full expression to its feeling whenever opportunity occurred.

Mr. Comyns Carr has handled his material wonderfully well, considering the mass of dramatic element there is in *Oliver Twist*. In condensing it into the necessary space for a play he has not only presented a lucid story, but has retained the spirit of the novelist to such an extent as to satisfy the most ardent Dickensian. He has taken one or two liberties, notably in the Bridge scene, where Nancy meets by appointment Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow. Fagin had no right there whatever. Perhaps Noah Claypole was left out of the cast in order to give Mr. Tree this opportunity of strengthening his part. He certainly made the most of it then, and afterwards, when he related the event to Bill Sikes. However, Mr. Tree's part is quite big enough without these extras, and it seems a thousand pities that loads should be added to an already heavily-laden character in order to show how strong he really can be. On one or two occasions Mr. Tree was inclined to exaggerate his part. In one instance—that in which he looks out of the window at Nancy when she is off to warn Sikes—he became quite unnecessarily flippant with his "Good-bye, Nancy! My love to Bill!" But after all, his realisation of Fagin is masterly throughout. In make-up, in gesture, sleekiness, lisp—everything, he was a replica of the Fagin of the book.

The part of Bill Sikes was entrusted to Mr. Lyn Harding, whose performance was grim, hard, savage, and ferocious. Both Mr. Fisher White and Mr. George Shelton, as Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Grimwig respectively, realised and acted their parts with naturalness and skill, as did Mr. Basil Gill (Harry Maylie), Miss Sybil Carlisle (Rose Maylie). But, good as their individual performances were, they were overshadowed by Mr. Tree's Fagin, Mr. Harding's Bill Sikes, and Miss Constance Collier's Nancy. But by far and away the most striking performance of all was Miss Collier's Nancy. It is undoubtedly the most difficult of the whole cast, with no distinctiveness in the outward appearance to help the artist as in the cases of Sikes and Fagin, both of whom have tricks to assist their realisation. Yet Miss Collier made Nancy the most real and live character of the play. It was a wonderful performance, full-bodied yet reticent, pathetic without being maudlin, rugged yet artistic to a degree. Her scene with Rose Maylie in the hotel was one of the finest pieces of acting in the play, exhibiting that side of a woman's nature which sooner or later comes out in a woman, whatever her position in the grades of life, with masterly naturalness, whilst her last exit from the stage at the bidding of Sikes created a great impression on the audience.

The only other part which calls for special mention is Oliver, played

by Miss Hilda Trevelyan so excellently as to make one wish there had been greater opportunities for her. There was very little for her to do, but she did that little well.

The play is divided into five acts and opens in Mr. Brownlow's house, where Oliver has found shelter. All the incidents of the book prior to this, which are necessary for the understanding of the trend of the story, are related in dialogue by the characters. The second scene is Fagin's den, where we meet the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates playing cards with Tom Chitling, and where the tutoring and practising of pocket-picking are humorously enacted. We are then taken to Chertsey and the scene of the burglary, back again to the den, where the news of the failure of the burglary is brought to Fagin, the scene in the hotel referred to above, and thence to the steps of London Bridge. The second scene of the fourth act is Bill Sikes's room, where he is just recovering from the effects of Chertsey, and where comes Fagin to tell the tale of Nancy's treachery, which ends in her brutal murder off the stage. The last act has for its first scene the lawn at Chertsey, where happiness comes to Rose and Harry Maylie and to Oliver. The last scene of all is the condemned cell, where Mr. Tree as Fagin has an ideal opportunity, which he makes the most of without overdoing.

THE DURBAN PICKWICK CLUB.

A LECTURE was delivered on June 21st to the members and friends of the above club, by Mr. W. Osborn, J.P., who took for his subject, "Agnes Wickfield and Sydney Carton." The lecturer considered these two characters were the noblest creatures ever portrayed by the novelist. One great feature of Dickens's writings was that the women were not particularly clever, but rather of a stamp which all admired—home-loving and patiently enduring. There were plants which grew and even blossomed in the shade, and so lit up the dark places; and so with some women. We knew nothing of the outward form or features of Agnes. She was unselfish and had self-restraint, and perhaps this enabled her to hide from idle gossip the attachment of her life, and for years to secretly love one who, to her, was the be-all and end-all of her existence. Mr. Osborn then proceeded to sketch her character and life, as shown in the pages of *David Copperfield*, and to show what an influence such a character must have on humanity generally.

Dealing with Sydney Carton, Mr. Osborn did not overlook the fact that there are certain shortcomings in the young barrister's mode of living. But the lecturer's idea was to show the brighter side of Charles Darnay's friend, in whom we have a specimen of a noble being, pathetic, romantic, and interesting. By these qualities it is better to remember him rather than as a dissipated, reckless drudge of a London barrister. Mr. Osborn proceeded by giving an outline of Carton's career, leading up gradually to the great act of self-sacrifice at the end.

"The characters of Agnes Wickfield and Sydney Carton," Mr. Osborn said, "were such that very few artists could paint, but they were drawn by one who never wrote an improper word or penned a sentence that could give rise to an improper thought."

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

VIII

A MAN OF THE CROWD TO CHARLES DICKENS

I AM but one of many; never saw
Thy face, or heard the voice that now is stilled.
My spirit is but little apt to awe
Of lofty-perched mortality; and yet
My heart is heavy with a keen regret,
Mine eyes with unaccustomed tears are filled.

We of the throng lead little lives, apart
From all the genial stir and glow of art,
The comrades of genius, and the breath
Of that large life to which our low-pulsed life is death.
Slow-footed, bowed, we toil through narrow ways,
And linger out our dull and unrecorded days.
But thou!—thou hadst an eye to mark
The feeble light that burned within our dark;
A sympathy as wide as heaven's free air;
A glance as bright
As heaven's own light,
That, pure amid pollution, pierceth everywhere.
Not beggary's rags, not squalor's grime,
The crust of ignorance, the stain of crime,
Could hide from thee the naked human soul.
Thou hadst our Shakespeare's ken, and Howard's heart;
Not puppets we, God's poor, to play our part
On thy mimetic stage, mere foils grotesque,
Apt adjuncts of thine art's bright picturesque.
Our loves, our hates, our hopes and fears,
Our sins and sorrows, smiles and tears,
To thee were real as to us, who knew
That thou wouldst limn them with a hand as true
And tender in its touch, as though it drew
The finer traits and passions of thy peers.
That sense so sure, that wit so strong,
Did battle on our side against the oppressor's wrong,
Because thine honest heart did burn with scorn
Of high-perched insolence everywhere;
And knightly, though unknighted, thou didst dare
To champion the feeble and forlorn.
Though not in fairy forest, leaguered tower,
By haunted lake, or startled Beauty's bower,
Didst thou go seeking them; but in foul lairs
Not else remembered even in good men's prayers.
In hidden haunts of cruelty, where no light,
Save of thy sympathy, pierced the night.
Thence, though the source might all unlovely seem,
Unfit for painter's touch or poet's dream;

Thou, painter-poet as thou wert, didst draw
The hidden beauty manner eyes ne'er saw;
But which, set forth upon thy living page,
Drew all the eyes and hearts of an unthinking age.
All inarticulate we; thou wert our voice;
Thou in our poor rejoicing didst rejoice,
Smile gently with our pitiful mirth, and grieve
When Pain, our chill familiar, plucked each ragged sleeve.
Therefore we loved thee, better than we knew,
Old friend and true.
Thy silent passing to an honoured tomb
Has filled a people's heart with more than fleeting gloom.

Moreover, thou didst bring us of thy best,
Thou, with the great an honoured guest,
And treasured by the chiefs of birth and brain,
To simple and unlearned souls wert plain.
The common heart on thine enchantment hung,
While genius, stooping from her heights,
Lent to the lowest her delights,
And spake to each in his own mother tongue.
Who now like thee shall lighten human care?
By words where mirth with pathos meets,
By most delectable conceits,
Thou gav'st us laughter that our babes might share;
And jollity, that had no touch of shame.
No satyr's brand besmirches thy fair fame.
Thy meteor fancy, by its quickening sleight,
Peopled our world with creatures of delight.
Not phantoms they, but very friends they seem,
Dear and familiar as are few
Of those around us; all too true
And quick for shadows of Romance's dream.
Most human-hearted they, or grave or gay,
But touched with that unspeakable impress
Of genius, airy wit, rare tenderness,
That marks them as thine own (e'en so a ray
Of sunset glory magnifies
Familiar beauties to our eyes)—
So touched, they in our memories live for aye,
Unaged by time and sacred from decay.
The friends we cherish pass, the foes we hate;
All living things towards Death's portal move;
Not even *thee*, a nation's pride and love
Could keep from that dark gate.
But these, thy creatures, cannot die:
Companions of all generations, they
Shall keep thy mem'ry from decay
More surely than that glorious grave where thou dost lie.

Therefore, let critic carp or bigot prate,
Sniff fault or folly here and there,
Contemn thy creed, or thee declare
Not wholly wise, or something less than great.
Thou hast the people's heart, that few may gain;
Not yielded to mere strenuous might of brain,
Prowess of arm, or force of will,
But to the strong and true and tender soul,
The human *in excelsis*, that can thrill
Through all humanity's pulses, till the whole
Great scattered brotherhood again is one.
No chill star-radiance thine; thou art a sun
Of central warmth; lord of our smiles and tears,
And uncrowned king of men through all the years.

E. J. MILLIKEN.

Gentleman's Magazine,
August, 1870.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Aug. 1.—"There is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 2.—"He saw that women, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, were often superior to sorrow, adversity, and distress; and he saw that it was because they bore in their own hearts, an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 3.—"Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are the rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts."—*Great Expectations.*

Aug. 4.—"The sun—the bright sun that brings back, not light alone, but new life, and hope, and freshness to man."—*Oliver Twist.*

Aug. 5.—"There's nothin' so refreshing as sleep, sir, as the servant girl said afore she swallowed the egg-cup full of laudanum."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

Aug. 6.—"The incompetent servant, by whomsoever employed, is always against his employer."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Aug. 7.—"As hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Aug. 8.—"Sea-sickness is like a belief in ghosts—everyone entertains some misgivings on the subject, but few will acknowledge any."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Aug. 9.—"I am convinced . . . that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a manner, assist to turn them up."—*David Copperfield*—Mrs. Micawber.

Aug. 10.—"False prophets and wretched mockers of religion, who, without sense to expound its first doctrine, or hearts to feel its first principles, are more dangerous members of society than the common criminal."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Aug. 11.—"I suppose there is nothing Pride can so little bear with, as Pride itself."—*Bleak House.*

Aug. 12.—"Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning."—*Letter to his Son* (Mr. E. B. L. Dickens).

Aug. 13.—"It is not in the nature of pure love to burn fiercely and unkindly long. The flame that in its grosser composition has the taint of earth, may prey upon the breast that gives it shelter; but the sacred fire from heaven is as gentle in the heart as when it rested on the heads of the assembled twelve, and showed each man his brother, brightened and unhurt."—*Dombey and Son.*

Aug. 14.—"I stand upon a seashore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them; but with every wave the sea is rising."—*The Long Voyage.*

Aug. 15.—"There are some falsehoods on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards heaven."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Aug. 16.—"It's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in."—*Great Expectations*—Mr. Wemmick.

Aug. 17.—"In this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God."—*Letter to Mrs. Henry Anstis.*

Aug. 18.—"You hold your life on the condition that to the last you shall struggle hard for it."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Doyce.

Aug. 19.—"If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody—no matter who—just you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off-hand. Hangin's vulgar, so don't have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Weller, sen.

Aug. 20.—"Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it."—*Dombey and Son*—Captain Cuttle.

Aug. 21.—"If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truest metal, and bear the stamp of heaven."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Aug. 22.—"The greatest felicity that age can know is the contemplation of the happiness of those on whom the warmest affections and tenderest cares of a well-spent life have been unceasingly bestowed."—*Oliver Twist.*

Aug. 23.—"There is a subtlety of perception in real attachment, even when it is borne towards man by one of the lower animals, which leaves the highest intellect behind."—*David Copperfield.*

Aug. 24.—"Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth beneath your carriage wheels, so rough beneath the tread of naked feet, bethink yourselves in looking on the swift descent of men who *have* lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick, with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, nor had a chance of life."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Aug. 25.—"It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be an object of terror to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. For if the child at such time be Spartan to it, send it into the dark against its will—leave it in a lonely bedroom against its will—and you had better murder it."—*Uncommercial Traveller.*

Aug. 26.—"Even the Press, being human, may be sometimes mistaken or misinformed."—*Speech at New York.*

Aug. 27.—"Beautiful Truth! How is your name profaned by vicious persons! You don't live in a well, my holy principle, but on the lips of false mankind."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Aug. 28.—"Accidents will occur in the best regulated families, and in families not regulated by that pervading influence which sanctifies while it entrances the—a—I would say, in short, by the influence of Woman, in the lofty character of Wife, they may be expected with confidence, must be borne with philosophy."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Micawber.

Aug. 29.—"Virtue may be found in the byeways of the world . . . it is not incompatible with poverty, and even with rags."—*Speech at Edinburgh.*

Aug. 30.—"Mental suffering and trial supply, in some natures, the place of years."—*David Copperfield*—Julia Mills.

Aug. 31.—"The unblest persons may be the instruments of good."—*David Copperfield*—Uriah Heep.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Stories from Pickwick. By Charles Dickens. The Cameo Classics. London: The Library Press. Cloth, 6*d.*

Christmas Books, *Sketches by Boz*, *David Copperfield.* In Macmillan's India Paper Edition. 2*s.* net and 3*s.* net each.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

Birmingham "Double" of Dickens. *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, June 24th.

Novelists' Nomenclature. *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, June 27th.

Dickens on the Stage: A Talk with Mr. Comyns Carr. *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 30th.

A New Anecdote of Dickens and some hitherto unpublished Verses. By J. W. T. Ley. *Household Words*, July 1st.

The Popularity of Dickens (editorial). *Treasury Magazine*, July.

Dickens Relics. *Umpire*, July 2nd.

Dickens in Soho: A Link with *A Tale of Two Cities.* Illustrated. *Daily Graphic*, July 4th.

The Clarion Van in Dickens-land. *Clarion*, July 7th.

"Dickens and the Thames." By Old Fleet. *Household Words*, July 8th.

Oliver Twist. Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. Performed at "His Majesty's Theatre," July 10th. *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Sportsman*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Mirror*, *Standard*, *Sun*, *Echo*, *Star*, *Morning Leader*, *Daily Express*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Graphic*, *Sporting Life*, July 11th; *Daily News*, July 12th.

The Dover Road: Rochester and Dingley Dell. *Household Words*, July 15th.

The Mystery of Datchery. By William Archer. *Morning Leader*, July 15th.

A Reply to Mr. Archer. By J. Cuming Walters. *Morning Leader*, July 17th.

Waiting up for Him. A cartoon by F. C. Gould. Mr. Chamberlain as Miss Miggs. *Westminster Gazette*, July 20th.

The Mystery of Datchery (second article). By William Archer. *Morning Leader*, July 22nd.

Dramatisers of Dickens, and How he Foiled a Few. By H. Chance Newton. *Household Words*, July 22nd.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Express Passenger Engine, "Charles Dickens." *Famous Locomotives*, set No. xi. London and North Western Railway Company offices.

The old Theatre Royal, Rochester. From an old print. Rochester: J. H. Goldwin.

A Pickwick Post Card. Being the Pickwickian Dickens-land of Bath. Photo card. Bath: Robt. H. Fryar. 2*d.*

Photograph cards of Rochester, Nos. 22223, 22225, 22226, 22230, 22231, 22233, 22238, 22240, 22242, 22246, 22247, 22255, 22256, 22258, 22259, 22266. London: John Walker & Co. 2*d.* each.

Dickens and Canterbury. A packet of six cards of places connected with *David Copperfield.* Rochester: J. H. Goldwin. 6*d.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

PROPOSED DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THERE seems every prospect of the proposed Dramatic Society proving a great success. Mr. Ley has already received many names of those who intend to join, but it is to be hoped that a great many more will send in their names. The proposals are: To found a club, with an annual subscription of 5*s.*; members to have tickets to that value for performances; to give three performances of plays during the coming winter. There is no doubt that such a club could be made a success, both socially and financially, and Mr. James Chapman, who is well known as an amateur actor, is willing to devote his energies to it. Will those who wish to become members kindly communicate with Mr. Ley as soon as possible, in order that a meeting may be called?

TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

On Saturday, July 8th, a most enjoyable outing to Portsmouth took place. Eighteen members started from London Bridge at 7.5 a.m., and Portsmouth was reached just before eleven o'clock. Here we were met by Mr. Percy Maggs, the Secretary of the local branch, and one or two other members, and were conducted to the Town Hall, where we were received by the Mayor (Mr. G. E. Couzens, who is also a Vice-President of the branch) and the Mayoress. The party were introduced by Mr. Maggs, and heartily welcomed by his worship, and provided with light refreshments. Next the Gunwharf and Dockyard were inspected, under the guidance of Mr. H. Hall, a member of the Portsmouth branch. Luncheon followed, and then the party journeyed to the Borough Museum, where they were received by Mr. Saunders, the curator, who also conducted them to St. Thomas's Church, where Charles II. was married to Catherine of Braganza. After a pleasant hour on the harbour, a move was made to Dickens's birthplace, where a very interesting hour was spent. Here every member of the party was presented with a button-hole, consisting of a rose and ivy leaves taken from the garden. It had been intended to visit Kingston Church, where the novelist was baptised; but time did not permit, and so we adjourned to the Speedwell Hotel for tea. Here we were joined by about a dozen members of the Southampton branch, including the President (Mr. Smith, J.P.), Mr. A. Humphreys, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester branch, and by more members of the Portsmouth branch, the gathering numbering close upon forty. After tea Mr. J. E. Palmer briefly thanked Mr. Maggs and others who had helped to make the trip a success. Mr. S. R. Marriott, Mr. R. Allbut, and Mr. Tom Moody, also spoke words of thanks, and Mr. Maggs briefly replied. The return journey was commenced at 7.50 p.m. It was a thoroughly enjoyable outing, and Mr. Maggs is to be very heartily thanked for his kindness and labours.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH

LAST month the Liverpool, Birkenhead, Waterloo, and Chester members of this society, under the leadership of Mrs. E. H. Bell and Mr. C. P. Mitchell, journeyed by rail and boat to Eccleston Ferry, where a most enjoyable picnic was held. After partaking of an excellent luncheon and tea, the members visited Eaton Hall.

A cycling club has been formed by members, and the opening run was to Burton Woods, on July 8th. Tea was taken in the gardens, over which Mrs. Howson presided. After tea the various archæological places and objects of interest were visited, and a profitable and enjoyable time was spent.

FOREST GATE BRANCH

THIS branch held its first summer outing on Thursday, June 22nd, when a party of over twenty journeyed to the Maypole at Chigwell.

Leaving Forest Gate at 11.5, they arrived at the Maypole at twelve o'clock. A visit was immediately paid to the gardens of the charming old inn, where an hour was most pleasantly spent, previous to luncheon in social intercourse and introduction of new friends to old. Luncheon was then served in the historic old Chester Room, which, with its low ceiling and quaint old windows, and adorned with sketches on porcelain from the works of the master, is in itself well worth a visit by all Dickensians. After luncheon a visit was paid to the church, which dates back some five or six hundred years. A charming ramble was then taken through the meadows to the river. After tea a concert was held, songs and readings being given by many members of the party, and dancing was indulged in until it was time to leave for home. The outing was in every way a success.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE members of this branch had their second ramble round Greenwich on Friday, June 30th. The party first visited the parish church, where Bella Wilfer was married to John Rokesmith, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin being hidden away near the organ, and the "Ship" where the wedding breakfast was served, and where Bella dined with her father on the occasion of their "innocent elopment." The "Trafalgar," the scene of the old HOUSEHOLD WORDS staff dinners, was also visited. Tea was served at the Ranger's House, and a stroll through the garden enclosures of the park brought a very pleasant afternoon to a close.

The members of this branch again took fifty old people for a drive through Eltham, Foot's Cray, and Sidcup on July 14th, and afterwards provided them with a good tea at Avery Hill. The weather was all that could be desired, and the old folk thoroughly enjoyed themselves and fully appreciated the good things provided for them. After an hour or so spent in roaming round the mansion, the palm-houses, and the winter gardens, the party drove back to Lewisham. The members of the branch are providing for another party towards the end of August.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

SOME of the poorest children of Shrewsbury, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, had a delightful day last month, through the instrumentality of this branch. They met in the square, and from thence were conveyed to Uffington in brakes. On arrival the juvenile guests, whose ages ranged from eight to twelve, were entertained to games in a field, lent by Mr. Morgan, varied by an adjournment for a meat tea, served on the hotel green. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hearn), were present. After tea there were more games and sports for handsome prizes, distributed by the Mayoress. Buns and sweets were also apportioned among the juveniles. The Mayor, in addressing the little folks after the amusements, said he was very much pleased to see them all enjoying themselves, and felt sure they would wish him to give to Mr. Pool and his committee their heartiest thanks, and also to those ladies and gentlemen who had come there to amuse and entertain them—(cheers). Mr. Pool, in reply, thanked the Mayor and Mayoress for coming down to witness the entertainment, and the Mayoress, Mrs. Mackintosh Walker, Mrs. Edward Burd, and Mr. H. R. H. Southam for their kind donations to the amusement fund. He also thanked Messrs. Humphreys and Heighway for the box of sweets which was distributed by Mr. Kersley to the little folks after the games.

MANHATTAN BRANCH (NEW YORK)

THIS branch promises to be one of the most important of our many branches, there being already eighty-four paid-up members. The branch was organised on April 4th, 1905. The second meeting was held, by special invitation of the Press Club, in their rooms, on the evening of April 8th, to commemorate the thirty-seventh anniversary of the farewell dinner given to Charles Dickens by the leading representatives of the New York Press, just prior to his final departure from America in 1868. There was a large attendance, and a delightful programme of readings and recitations from Dickens's works; and music was rendered, including some impromptu verses by Mr. Alfred E. Pearsall. The third meeting was held at Mott Memorial Hall, on May 4th, and was devoted entirely to business. The fourth, and closing meeting of the season, was a dinner, which took place at the Hotel Empire, May 18th. The President, Mr. Charles Ross Keen, presided.

The officers of the branch are Charles Ross Keen, President; Charles H. Govan, first Vice-President; S. C. Coale, second Vice-President; Charles F. Adams, third Vice-President; Mrs. Mary E. Craigie, Gen. Secretary, 143, Linden Avenue, Brooklyn; Mr. Alex E. Squire, Gen. Treasurer; Mr. E. L. Edgerly, first Auditor; Dr. L. G. Wilder, second Auditor.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE usual monthly meeting was held on May 10th. Owing to inclement weather, the attendance was not so large as usual. The following interesting programme was presented:—A paper by Mr. Crowther, Hon. Secretary, "Character sketch, Wilkins Micawber." Recital by Mr. Windas, "Mr. Pickwick's Nocturnal Adventure." Reading by Mr. Newland, "Dick Swiveller." Reading by Mr. Fookes, "Report of the Brick Lane Branch," from Pickwick. These selections were well rendered and greatly appreciated by the audience. The membership of the branch still increases, the number on the roll being 367, with a branch at Benalla, one of the country towns, with forty-three members, and a Dickens Reading Circle at Elsterwick, a suburb of Melbourne, with thirty members. Total for Victoria, 440.

CHICAGO (U.S.A.) BRANCH

THIS, the latest-formed branch of the Fellowship, has already shown signs of being a strong and successful one. Some very good meetings have taken place, at one of which Mr. Vinton gave some excellent readings from *A Christmas Carol*, which were greatly enjoyed. At another an address by Mr. Carlandis, on "The Moral Influence of the Writings of Dickens," was much appreciated. On another occasion Mr. Herbert L. Ward, the Hon. Secretary, provided the text for an interesting discussion on *Oliver Twist*, which became so animated it had to be postponed to the following meeting, which took place at Miss Sprigg's house. The branch meets twice a week, and in September it is anticipated the membership will be much increased, and the branch become a very strong one.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON June 29th the branch were kindly invited by Mrs. Vokes to a garden party at Birch Lawn, Sholing, A most delightful time was spent in different amusements and in inspecting the spacious grounds, etc. Several announcements were made by the President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., from which a most successful next session is anticipated.

On July 8th the President, a party of members of the branch, and the Hon. Secretary, had much pleasure in going to Portsmouth to meet the London members on their visit there to Charles Dickens's birthplace.

BENALLA (AUSTRALIA) BRANCH

ON June 5th a meeting of this branch was held in the Parish Hall, when Mr. Gates lectured on "Dickens as an Educational Reformer." Mr. Gates pointed out the many striking lessons that are to be learned from *Hard Times*, from the failure of Mr. Gradgrind's theory of education. References were made to Dotheboys Hall, to Dr. Blimber's academy, and so on, and the lessons to be learned from each were insisted on. Mr. Gates reminded his hearers that Dickens was either the first, or one of the first, to take an interest in the German kindergarten.

After some discussion, Mr. Gates spoke strongly on the education system. He remarked that whilst the political trend in the colony was socialistic, prize-giving in schools was rampant. Prize-giving, he thought, merely stimulated children to the bursting-point.

During the evening Mrs. Ennis recited the poem, "The Children," which has erroneously been ascribed to Dickens. It was found in his desk after his death, but the poem was written by some one else.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICKENS'S POPULARITY

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I read with much interest the article under this heading in the June number of *The Dickensian*, and was amazed at the assertion of the Newport Librarian! . . . As regards the journalistic rider in a Welsh paper, —the latter seems, however, only on a par with what might be expected after such a bold and sweeping statement.

The evidence of the majority of librarians, publishers, and booksellers would, in my humble opinion, most conclusively prove that "the star of Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray" is *not* on the wane at all.

I, as one librarian, with eleven and a half years' experience of readers, can testify that whilst a few modern writers, by reason of some startling, weird, and novel, though often false, theories, and by their treading on new and revolutionary matter, catch the public for a time and become much in vogue, all serious readers indeed return again and again to the old, old favourites.

In literature, as elsewhere, it is, after all, the best that survives. In verse I find Tennyson and Shakespeare, in prose fiction Dickens, Scott, and Thackerary, on the whole, are the most *lasting* favourites.

Statistics are sometimes misleading, and be it always remembered every one who can read at all has at least read some works of the above authors, and in many cases possesses even copies. Whilst penning this I chance to glance at a newspaper and notice the following: "Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens—*more* new editions. One would not like to count on a drowsy summer's afternoon how many are in the market."

True, very true! and they would not be there if they did not sell, or were not wanted.

I, at least, find that the demand for such works remains constant at the libraries I have been connected with, notwithstanding the present day rush after anything novel and exciting.

Faithfully yours,

F. W. T. LANGE,
Librarian, St. Bride Foundation.

BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET,
July 21st, 1905.

"DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

To the Editor of "The Dickensian."

DEAR SIR,—It is new to me that Winterslow is a claimant to the *locale* of "The Blue Dragon," and Mr. Allbut's little chart is most interesting as illustrating his contention. We know that Dickens was in this part of Wilts early in 1848, for he, Leech, Lemon, and Forster, "having obtained horses from Salisbury, passed the whole of a March day in riding over every part of the Plain; visiting Stonehenge, and exploring Hazlitt's 'Hut' at Winterslow, birthplace of some of his finest essays" (Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, p. 262).

By a slip I wrote West Lavington in my last letter; it should be Market Lavington. The monuments and almshouses are in the adjoining parish of West Lavington. Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

SEEND, MELKSHAM, *30th June*, 1905.

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—If Mr. Allbut's "bated breath and whispering humbleness" when venturing to dissent from Mr. Harper's opinion may be taken as an effort in the direction of sarcasm, it seems to me rather ill-placed. He quotes Tristram as stating in his *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* that the "Quicksilver" (otherwise the Devonport Mail) ran by Andover and Salisbury, and asks "who shall decide, where doctors disagree."

But I take it that Mr. Harper speaks by the card, and on referring to vol. ii. pp. 31–34 of his *Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore*, find he distinctly shows, from the official mail-coach time-bills he prints there, that the "Quicksilver," Devonport Mail, ran, from 1837 onwards, by way of Park House and Amesbury, along the identical route taken by its rival the "Telegraph."

I append, extracted from Mr. Harper's book, the following abstract of the "Quicksilver," Devonport Mail, time-bill, from 1837 :—

Leaving General Post Office at 8 p.m.

Miles		Places		Due
12	...	Hounslow	...	9.8 p.m.
19	...	Staines	...	9.48 „
29	...	Bagshot	...	10.47 „
67	...	Andover	...	2.20 a.m.
80	...	Amesbury	...	3.39 „
90	...	Deptford Inn	..	4.34 „
97	...	Chicklade	...	5.15 „
125	...	Ilchester	...	7.50 „
137	...	Ilminster	...	8.58 „
154	...	Honiton	...	11.0 „
170	...	Exeter	...	12.34 p.m.

Time: 16 hours 34 minutes.

In conclusion, I need merely point out, that if, according to Mr. Allbut's own contention, the "Quicksilver" Mail was "the one exclusively referred to," that in itself would go far toward making Amesbury the place indicated by Dickens, and incidentally of justifying Mr. Harper's contention; for be it remarked that *Martin Chuzzlewit* was not written until 1843, between six and seven years after the "Quicksilver's" route was altered.

Yours sincerely,

PADDINGTON, *July 20th*, 1905. JAMES GIBBONS.

THE BULL INN, WHITECHAPEL

From a painting by P. Palfrey